



Gun Love



42 3 9

Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

I slip off my sunglasses and press one of my eyes against the sniper rifle's sighting.

Smirking as my eyes trace my next victim, I absent-mindedly put ammo into my sniper, and make sure to put on my silencer.

My target was Maleburt Robinson. He was a middle aged false bank manager, and suspicion for child abduction and rape. I knew it was true.

The douche would be at the mall today to see if a kid wasn't paying enough attention, so he can swipe a few kids for his dirty mind.

Disgusting.

Luckily, I won't have to scar and little kids with his corpse. He always smokes a joint in the alleyway on Banks Street.

According to plan, the measly beast went into the dark alley pulling out a cigarette. I'm going to light it up for him.

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That was never getting out of my mind.

Well, that's a lie of course.

I've killed 2,345 people in my contract killer list, and I barely know some of their names.

The hardest ones to kill were the people my age.

The person I have to kill has to be over 16 years of age.

My short brown hair swept around by the wind as I read my next victim.

Ugh..Some poor kid.

Name: Alex Luken

Sex: Male

Details: Black hair, brown eyes, height is 5`11, 17 years old, goes to the Downtown Deli every day.

I let out a sigh, packing equipment to kill my next victim.

But this time, I wasn't so happy ...

Chapter 2 by The Coffee Freak



This wasn't just some guy. It was my best friends boyfriend. As I slip into the shadows, something catches my eye. Or should I say someone. It was him, he was with Alecia, of course. He almost never left her side. I leaned over the edge, just enough so that I could aim. I looked down at him. I would have some fake crying to do tonight. I took the shot and he fell to the ground.

Chapter 3 by .h_e_e_r_i_o.



Sorry Alecia, I guess I thought I didn't mean it, however, One person compared to 2,345 people is nothing.

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Name: Furou Sallen

Sex: Male

Details: Brown hair, brown eyes, height is 6`9, 35. Supervises human trafficking in an alley on Main Street every night at 1:00 AM.

This man is stewed meat. He's dead. He's revolting.

I walked quietly along the empty roads of Main Street three hours later, hiding my presence. I slowly turned the corner to see my victim...

And my brother.

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